

The Oxford County Citizen.

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BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1924.

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THE J. E. JONES LETTER

THE FUNDAMENTAL LAW

The Constitution of the United States has been changed so often that it now has almost as many amendments as it has body. Only the preamble remains the same: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America." Upon the meaning of this quotation all agree. But the great lawyers of the Senate whom their colleagues and constituents have wished to designate as "the greatest lawyers" have been called "constitutional lawyers." It was Chief Justice Marshall who put the first big definitions into the Constitution, but even at this late day in our history a Congress made up largely from lawyers still passes unconstitutional laws. And it is because even the United States Supreme Court has so frequently divided upon constitutional questions by votes of five to four, that there has been discussion for more than a dozen years of the feasibility of giving to Congress a sort of veto power over the Supreme Court. It may safely be said that this proposal, though it has many strong advocates, has not yet won the support of the bulk of American citizens.

The fundamental law may be clarified and amended many times, but the proposals changing the administration of it have always been defeated. In the early days of our government many attempts were initiated to impeach Supreme Court judges because of decisions that were unpopular with the politicians. The thought of impeachment as a method of controlling the Supreme Court has been given way to the newer suggestion that Congress might act as a reviewing tribunal or as a sort of supreme court for the Supreme Court.

A FEW AMENDMENTS

Amendments to the Constitution have been coming along rather lively during the past few years. The Congress has been given power to lay and collect taxes on incomes; United States Senators are now elected by direct popular vote; the national bank has been reorganized; and the manufacture of liquor has been outlawed; and women have been given national suffrage. "Radical" government has had a boom during the past dozen years.

During the first session of the present Congress twenty six resolutions were introduced to regulate child labor; there were ten fixing dates for inauguration of President and convening of Congress; seven empowering Congress to tax incomes from State bonds; seven changing the method of amending the Constitution; six empowering Congress to establish uniform laws for marriage and divorce; four empowering Congress to regulate the nomination of Senators and Representatives. There were other proposed amendments providing for a referendum on prohibition and war, for compensation of wealth in time of war, for defining treason, for changing the method of ratifying treaties, fixing a six year term for President, relating to Presidential vetoes, providing representation in Congress, suffrage for the citizens of the District of Columbia, removing discriminations against women and regulation of citizenship of aliens. There were, in short, eighty five suggested constitutional amendments. All of these suggestions were due to the fact that the Constitution stood in the way of the simple processes of passing laws, and the law makers regarding the rights of subjects were in violation of the Constitution. The lawmakers with the Constitution behind them, the man who threatened to write a new Constitution because the existing laws seemed to be more made different from the way he wanted them written.

CASES AT LAW

There is a case now pending in the Supreme Court which concerns property of the State of Maine. It is a case of the State of Maine vs. the American and Eastern Paper Mills Co. In the American and Eastern Paper Mills Co. vs. the State of Maine case, the Supreme Court was asked to decide whether the State of Maine could tax the property of the American and Eastern Paper Mills Co. The Supreme Court has now decided in favor of the State of Maine, and the tax is upheld.

GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

A very delightful party in honor of the Freshman class was given by the Twentieth Century Club of Gould Academy Tuesday night, October 7th in the William Bingham Gymnasium. The receiving line formed at eight o'clock and was followed by a piano solo by Miss Elizabeth Emery. Mr. Brazier then sang "Little Mother of Mine" accompanied by Miss Lenfest. The senior class under the direction of Miss Hewlin gave a one-act play entitled, "Converting Bruce," and it was very well done. The cast was as follows: Guy Thurston, Jack Webster; Ernest Mundt, Bruce Harrington; Ellen Cottrell, Peggy Lewis; Alberta Brooks, Beth Stuart. At the conclusion of the play the entire student body had a grand march which was led by Miss Virginia Goodnow and Rev. Sessions. Following the grand march Littlefield's orchestra played appropriate dance music and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Dr. and Mrs. Gehring were among the guests present.

STATE OF MAINE

Proclamation By The Governor
EDUCATION WEEK -
NOVEMBER 17-23, 1924

Education is the foundation of true progress. The horizon of the illiterate man is narrow and limited, while that of the educated is almost boundless. Broad fields of enjoyment and usefulness, which widen as one acquires further knowledge, are open to those who have acquired knowledge.

The greatest cause of all, that of World Peace, is inseparably connected with that of education. When the people of different nations learn of the environment, history and aspirations of others, and when they come to an understanding of them, most of the points of friction that produce conflict will have been eliminated. War thrives on ignorance and jealousy; peace comes from knowledge.

As for our own State of Maine we have made great progress in education in the past four years. In that period the total value of school property has increased from \$13,630,000 to over \$20,000,000; the annual school support from \$4,400,000 to \$10,000,000; more than 100 school buildings have been constructed or reconstructed and modernized; the salary of teachers has increased on an average of more than 10%; and the number of students in our Normal Schools has grown from 600 to 1100. These figures represent but a small part of what has been accomplished.

Maine does not intend to be second to any State in the Union in the educational advantages it offers to the rising generation, and its record of achievement for the past four years speaks for itself.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Percival P. Baxter, Governor of the State of Maine, do hereby proclaim

NOVEMBER 17-23, 1924

EDUCATION WEEK in the

STATE OF MAINE

I urge our citizens to give proper consideration to the needs of our schools, their teachers and children, and to support them liberally and cheerfully. No finer or more enduring monuments can be built by a community than schools of modern type with modern equipment and competent teachers.

The American Legion and the National Education Association join with us to help this great cause. These public spirited organizations, in conjunction with our State Department of Education, have inaugurated a nation and state-wide movement for better schools. Their purpose is the promotion of education for the betterment of the world.

It is the duty of every citizen to support our schools and to see that they are properly equipped and staffed. Let us all join in this great movement for better schools, and let us all strive to make our schools the best in the land.

PERCIVAL P. BAXTER,

Governor of Maine

By the Honorable

Frank W. Day,

Secretary of State

Mr. J. E. Jones spent a few days in

Washington, recently.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. Elliott Rich is clerking in the store of C. K. Fox during his absence.

Mrs. Ida Douglass has returned home from Norway where she has had employment the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis Lovejoy were in Augusta last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Packard.

Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Tibbitts and Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Fox are enjoying a few days camping at Magalloway.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hutchinson left Tuesday by auto for St. Petersburg, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

Curtis have been received announcing the engagement of Miss Hazel J. Arno of Bethel to Robert Johnson of Litchfield.

Miss Carrie Wight, Miss Muriel Park, Miss Hewins and Miss Lenfest attended the opera, Il Trovatore, at Lewiston last week.

Mrs. George Gouldard and three children from Plymouth, N. H., were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hastings last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Johnson of Berlin, N. H., will occupy the home of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hutchinson during their stay in Florida.

Mrs. Alice Stone and Miss Ethel Stone of Goffstown, N. H., spent the week end with Mr. W. L. Chapman and daughter, Mrs. Miliken.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall, Mr. P. H. Merrill and Miss Harriet Merrill attended the opera, Il Trovatore at Lewiston, Thursday evening.

Miss Frances Brown of Albion, Calif., and Miss Marion Brown of Groveland, Mass., were callers at the home of Mrs. Anna French Monday.

Messrs. E. M. Walker, Walter Emery and L. D. Howard went to Paris Tuesday where they are members of the traverse jury, Supreme Judicial Court.

The bridge over Mill Brook at the foot of Bailey Hill is finished and will probably be opened to traffic next week. The Alder River bridge is not yet completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Jackson of Amherst, Mass., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hastings the week end. Mrs. Philbrook accompanied them home and will spend the week.

Hon. H. H. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Park, Miss Muriel Park, Mr. P. H. Merrill and Miss Harriet Merrill attended the banquet in honor of Judge Barnes at Norway, Tuesday evening.

Mr. W. L. Chapman and daughter, Mrs. Miliken, with their guests, Mrs. Stone and Miss Ethel Stone of Goffstown, N. H., were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gilman Chapman, Berlin, N. H., Sunday.

Mr. Edward Hopewy, who has been employed at Bethel Inn during the summer, went to his home in Providence, R. I., Tuesday, for a week's vacation after which he will go to Florida for the winter.

He and his wife, Mrs. Hopewy, will leave for Florida on Thursday morning, Oct. 23rd, for at that time the Epworth League of the Methodist Church will present Miss Arlene Perry for a series of readings.

Mrs. Ray York and children of the town of Maine, who have been visiting the parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hastings, returned to their home, Saturday. He and Mrs. Hastings will also be in the company of the Hastings family.

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CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

Spring Street
Sunday School at 10:00 A. M.
Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Morning service at usual hour.
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

S. T. Achenbach, Minister
Thursday, Oct. 16, 3 o'clock: Meeting of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. P. H. Hancock.

Sunday, Oct. 19:
10:45: Service of worship.
12:00: Church School.
7:00: Service of worship. The pastor will give one of the series, "Looks Into Books."

Tuesday, Oct. 21, 6:45: Rehearsal of the chorale.

METHODIST CHURCH

"The Singing Church"
Chester B. Oliver, Minister
Next Sunday is Harvest Sunday. Special Harvest programs all day.

Morning worship, Sunday, 10:45. Rev. Gardner Wills of Rumford Center will bring the message in the morning.

The "Church School meets at 12 M. "Everybody a pupil or teacher" is our slogan. Boys and girls will do what mother and father do. Stay to the Church School. The next Legislature is going to vote on Time for Religious Education during the week school days.

The Epworth League if Department is having a splendid study class. Are we in it? Well I guess. Come and get new ideas as to your attitude toward people of other races and colors.

The evening worship on Sunday will be as follows:
Voluntary
Hymns
Responsive Reading
Prayer
Notices and Offering
Hymn
Harvest Message
Hymn
Benediction

Worship on Tuesday evening, 7:30. (No other meetings.)
Thursday, October 16, The Ladies' Aid meets at Mrs. Constance Wheeler's.

Thursday, October 23, Annual Harvest Fair and Banquet. Miss Arlene Florence Perry of Portland will give a program of readings after the Banquet, 8 o'clock.

LOCKER'S MILLS CHURCH

Rev. Chester B. Oliver will preach next Sunday at 2:30 P. M. The Church School has begun again. Young and old are urged to register for 1924. It is impossible to be outside the Church School. In the midst of such a splendid "Trade Not" and such promising boys and girls let us "all pull together in all kinds of weather and see what we can do" for mankind, character, and religious education.

ORANGE NEWS
LONG MT. ORANGE
An all day meeting of Long Mt. Orange was held in the hall, Saturday. A baked bean and pastry dinner was served. After the business session the Lecturer gave the following program: Reading, Mrs. Clara Akers, W. W. Perkins, Mrs. Maggie Stewart, E. M. Hays, J. L. Bailey.

Chap. Harker, by Grace
Moses.
Mr. Eugene Tyler was home from his tour over the week end.

Max May and his family from Ashington, Mass., were guests of friends in town, Saturday.

Work is progressing rapidly on the bridge over the mill brook at the foot of Bailey Hill.

Mr. Henson, Maine, went to St. Paul, Minn., to see the grand old cathedral of St. Paul.

The ground was covered with a heavy coating of frost Tuesday morning, the coldest yet of the season.

Wood has been received in town of the death of Mrs. Morton Harker of two sons to Portland, Sunday night.

This is open season on deer and most other game. Hunters should be extremely careful while in the woods and not set any traps. Forest fires are easily set and usually cause big damage before they are stopped. A thing for the hunters to remember—the Game Law has the right in an emergency, to close the hunting season—and he'll probably do it if forest fires are started during the season.

JERSEY BREEDERS MEETING

The Western Maine Jersey Breeders Association met at the I. O. O. F. Hall, Oct. 11th.

In the morning the regular business of the Association was taken up. At noon a basket lunch was enjoyed with hot coffee and fruit salads furnished by the Bethel members.

The speaker for the afternoon was Mr. Warren C. P. Randolph, Field Agent of the New York office, and his talk was most interesting along the different lines of the work. Some able discussions by some of the members were also enjoyed. It was also a pleasure to have Mr. Randolph at an annual meeting in August when this Association met with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Abbott at South Waterford, and his presence and assistance at these meetings have been greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

About thirty were present, members being there from Portland, Cornish, Fryeburg and Waterford.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION
The regular meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association was held at the brick building Monday evening, Oct. 13. The program committee presented the following interesting and pleasing program:

Opening Song, Association
Duet, Dorothy Goodnow, Doris Bryant
Playlet, Four Academy Students
Recap of the Parent-Teacher Association Work, Ethel Blaboe
Paper, Mrs. Wade Thurston
Discussions and suggestions for the good of the order

Not the least feature of the evening was the exhibit of Green Mountain potatoes by members of the Boys' Club. The display of Arthur Barker, Albert Brown, Ronald Kelly and Milan Chapman, Jr., were worthy of much well deserved praise.

ENMAN-HANCOOM
A very quiet wedding was solemnized Tuesday afternoon at 3:30, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Hancock, when their oldest daughter, Miss Vada, was united in marriage with Mr. David Enman of Upton. The single ring service was used. Rev. C. B. Oliver was the officiating clergyman.

Their many friends extend congratulations for a long and happy journey in their new life.

MISS ARLENE F. PERRY,
TALENTED ELOCUTIONIST,
COMING TO BETHEL

At the Methodist Church, October 23 8 o'clock

Miss Arlene Florence Perry, who was to be in Bethel in June but had to cancel the engagement on account of an operation for appendicitis, plans to be here on the evening of October 23.

She was an honor pupil at Deering High School, Portland, in the class of 1923. For several years she has studied with Mrs. Estelle Berry Stewart and is now a student in the Beland Powers School of the Spoken Word, Boston.

The Portland Evening Express states: "Miss Perry is a reader of exceptional ability." She will give all kinds of readings "with as many voices as you wish."

This splendid opportunity to hear an excellent young reader is made possible by the Epworth Chapter Bethel Methodist Epworth League. The chairman and committee of the Fourth Department are: Miss Edna Bean, Chairman, Mrs. C. B. Oliver, Mr. Charles Haskins, Mr. Allen Galt, Mr. Stephen Abbott, Miss Hazel Arno, Mr. Robert Johnson.

Tickets will be on sale immediately at the time and places as this committee shall designate. One who is very anxious for as many as possible to hear Miss Perry has made such arrangements that tickets for adults will be thirty-five (35) cents and tickets for children and young people, fourteen or under, will be twenty-five (25) cents. Miss Perry will be glad to meet all who care to talk with her.

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SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT

The October term of the Supreme Judicial court opened at South Paris, Tuesday morning with Associate Justice Charles P. Barnes of Houlton presiding.

It is thought that the term will be longer than usual, there being a large amount of business to come before the court. There are 22 prisoners in jail, and 10 of these are awaiting the action of the grand jury. The grand jury it is thought will be on duty four days.

An unusual entry will be made on the records of the court when Clerk of Courts Donald B. Partridge will, by the direction of the presiding justice, record his own admission to the bar.

A case to be tried at this term which is of interest to many people is that of Henry H. Hastings, administrator, vs. Harry S. Morton of Brunswick. This suit is brought by Mr. Hastings as administrator of the estate of the late Edward M. Carter of Bethel for damages for injuries resulting in Mr. Carter's death. On July 22, 1923, Mr. Carter was walking in the town of Lisbon when he was struck by an automobile driven by Morton, and received injuries from the effects of which he died at St. Mary's Hospital in Lewiston. The amount named in the suit is \$10,000.

MRS. SUSAN B. MARTIN
Mrs. Susan B. Martin, wife of Charles K. Martin, passed away at her home at East Bethel, Sunday morning, Oct. 12, after a long, lingering illness.

Funeral services were held at her late home Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. C. B. Oliver of Bethel officiating.

TWO RUMFORD LADS LOSE LIVES BY DROWNING
Wilfred Maillette, aged seven and his brother, Eugene, aged five, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Maillette of Rumford were drowned in the Androscoggin River Monday of last week.

The two boys, it is thought, made an attempt to sail in a paste board box with which they were playing. The bodies were found Tuesday morning.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon from St. John's Church and one service suffered for the last rites for the two children. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd E. Lutton were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Merrill in Mason for the week end.

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U.S., except Sunday
and holidays

the 1939 on Miss Corinne Clegg, whom he is about to marry, and return she pools all of her "properties and estate, personal and real." It is also provided that in the event of a divorce or separation she will receive the sum in full payment and satisfaction of all claims, because the amount is payable to

Mrs. James Bradford of North Park is a caller at Mrs. Wren Deason's on Saturday. Mrs. Wren Deason is visiting her

Saturday

42			

Strips made in two sizes,
32" x 10 and 32" x 12 1/2 in.

Paint and Pay The Wetherill Way

\$2.50 per week will insure your home from weather and wear—inside and out. And the method's easy.

Stop in and let us give you the details. Let us explain the Wetherill Budget Plan and how it saves paint worry.

Let us introduce you to our Wetherill "Home Beautiful" Paint Stock and its complete assortment of Paints and Varnishes. Look over its Suggestion Chart full of helpful hints and real advice on how and when and what to paint.

In short let us show you in tangible form what our idea of complete paint service is.

GEO. D. WETHERILL & CO.
PHILADELPHIA
BOSTON PITTSBURGH MEMPHIS

G. L. THURSTON, Bethel, Me.

The Mystery Road

By
E. Phillips Oppenheim

Copyright by Little, Brown and Co.

Synopsis

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I.—Feeling from a brutal stepfather, an unhappy home, and a proposed husband she detests, Myrtle, young French girl, stands in a country road on the verge of desperation.

CHAPTER II.—Halted by an explosion, two young Englishmen, Lord Gerald Dombey and Christopher Bent, are attracted by the girl's distressed appearance. She begs them to take her away from her misery. In a spirit of adventure they do so, conveying her to Monte Carlo and leaving her with friends. Myrtle speaks English, her mother having been an educated woman.

CHAPTER III.—Gerald and Christopher arrange for a mutual guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER IV.—Lord Dombey makes the acquaintance of Pauline. He is repelled by the air of mystery and concealment surrounding her.

CHAPTER V.—Myrtle falls desperately in love with Lord Dombey. He is only mildly interested in the girl, while Christopher Bent really loves her and would marry her.

CHAPTER VI.—A mysterious Russian, Zuhin, who is a gambler, enters the scene. He knows the De Fontenex, but can get no information from him.

CHAPTER VII.—Christopher makes little progress with his studies, who is completely infatuated with Lord Dombey and would gladly become his mistress. He really cares little for her, his interest being all in Pauline.

CHAPTER VIII.—Gerald tells Pauline of Zuhin's gambling. She is at once interested, and asks him to find the Russian and bring him to her and her sister. Gerald finds Zuhin. The Russian has lost all he had won and practically everything else he had. On their way to the ladies Zuhin kills himself.

CHAPTER IX.—It is learned that Zuhin was the steward of Madame de Fontenex and has lost at the gambling tables \$200,000 francs. The money she and her niece possessed. The two women leave Monte Carlo after selling their jewelry. He begins to evince an interest in Myrtle, to Christopher's disquietude.

CHAPTER X.—Gerald is giving a cocktail party at a few acquaintances of the day. Myrtle urges him to allow her to attend. The company is not suitable for a young girl, and he refuses.

CHAPTER XI.—Lady Mary offers to take Myrtle to England with her and find employment. Christopher accepts the offer and Myrtle goes to the Riviera party. At its conclusion Christopher takes her away, when Gerald would have been able to find her. Myrtle goes to England with Lady Mary.

BOOK TWO—CHAPTER I.—In London Gerald meets Pauline and her aunt again, but realizes he is held at a distance. Telling Pauline of his love for her, she declares she cares only for one man, her brother, and he is in prison. Myrtle is living with Gerald's mother, Lord Dombey's, and Lady Mary.

CHAPTER II.—Gerald raises a large sum of money, refusing to explain the reason to his father. Christopher refuses to discuss her love for Gerald.

CHAPTER III.—Gerald tells Myrtle of his love for Pauline, and that he is leaving for Russia at once. Pauline is forced to accept his offer. He is confined to a fortress at Sokhar. His father, Major Dombey, has been ordered to take her to escape. With the hope that if he can get his brother to freedom he can win Pauline, Gerald undertakes the task.

CHAPTER IV.—At Sokhar Gerald meets Fran Franke, mistress of Major Dombey. He tells her of his mission and of the fact that the man he would free is the Grand Duke Paul.

"Adopt," Gerald replied. "I will conduct you now," the governor announced, "to Number Twenty. We will look ourselves in his cell. You shall explain the scheme to him and change clothes. I will bring him and take with me, also the deeds which will put Harman P. Cross in possession of my oil properties. You shall pay over the draft. After that you can be patient."

"I am ready," Gerald declared, following to his feet.

Krosskey unlocked a drawer and took out a bunch of keys which shone like silver—the only clean thing, it seemed to Gerald, that he had seen in the prison. They clattered on two slabs of stone steps.

"I am a humane man," the governor said, "and it does not please me to turn my prisoners into vermin. I have only underground, without light or air, which were used by my predecessor. I have had them blocked up. You had better not be terrified here."

They had reached a long, white-washed passage with arched roof. The governor dismissed the attendant who had followed them, inserted the key into the lock of the door which was painted in black figures, and entered himself, motioning Gerald to follow him.

In the sudden shadow of the door, Gerald's first impression was that a man opposite had looked at him with a cold, calculating eye. At their entrance, however, the figure dropped to the ground, revealing his clutch of

the rusty bars to which he had been clinging. A tall, thin young man, with sunken cheeks, long, unkempt hair, and eyes a little more than ordinarily bright, stood gazing at them. His clothes seemed to be the remains of a prison uniform. The trousers, always too short, had worn away at the bottom of the legs, and he wore neither socks nor shoes. He stared at the two men—at Gerald especially—in wonder, but remained silent.

"You speak English?" Gerald inquired.

"Number Twenty-nine shook his head. 'I speak French better,' he replied. 'What are you doing when we came here?'"

"For an hour every day," he told them, "sometimes for more. I spring till I catch those bars, and I hang on until I am tired. I can always see the sky; sometimes, if I am feeling strong, I can lift myself so that I see a little of the country."

"Well, you have something better to do now," the governor declared. "You were a man when you were brought in. I have seen you play a man's part. Remember, if you faint or do anything foolish, you spoil everything. Set your teeth and take off your clothes. You are going to be set at liberty."

Number Twenty-nine scarcely faltered.

"I am to be shot, I suppose," he said coolly. "I trust that your wardens are better marksmen than they are soldiers."

"There is a long story," Gerald intervened, "of which the governor will tell you as much as he chooses. I am an Englishman, sent here by relatives of yours. I have been able to arrange for your freedom. In a few days' time, you will be steaming for England."

"Cut it short," the governor interrupted. "I will do all the explaining."

Gerald took a letter from his pocket-book.

"Read that letter," he invited. "It is from Pauline. She is my friend. I am Lord Dombey, an Englishman. We shall meet at Petrograd later. On the steamer I will explain everything. Meanwhile, take off your clothes. You will have to wear mine for a couple of days."

The young man took off his coat almost mechanically. His shirt was ragged. He had apparently no underclothes. His fingers began to shake.

"I cannot," he faltered.

"But it is necessary," Gerald assured him. "See I am half undressed myself."

He took off his coat and waistcoat.

"I have had no water here for a fortnight," he groaned.

At the sight of his shivering underclothes, the other man began suddenly to sob.

"I have had no water here for a fortnight," he groaned.

Gerald looked him in the eyes.

"We've done campaigning, both of us," he said. "I read of you when you led your regiment into Germany. I was in a trench myself for five days at a stretch. These things don't really matter. Five days was quite long enough there in the mud. We didn't worry about soap then. Get on with it, please."

Number Twenty-nine closed his eyes as he shed his last garments. There he drew on Gerald's. Presently the governor laughed.

"You may say," he declared, "it is better than I thought. I have ordered the butler to bring you a hot bath. He is a prisoner himself, so there is not much chance of the butler's being caught. We will be back to the country."

He added, turning to Gerald: "In time to take your orders for lunch. Oh! Give me time to settle down."

They passed out. Gerald felt a queer sense of loneliness as the door closed behind him. He looked around him half fearfully. Everything was worse than he had feared. The door was of concrete, and there was not a single article of furniture of any description in the room except a straw mattress already full of holes. The floor had apparently not been swept for weeks. While he sat there, however, there was the click of a key in the door and a burly Russian entered. Without a word he commenced some effort at cleaning the place. When he had finished, he threw in a rug and disappeared. Gerald breathed a little more freely. Then he heard footsteps outside again. The governor and Number Twenty-nine entered, the latter extremely changed in appearance.

"It is all the better," the governor chuckled. "I never realized that the butler was so wonderful a person. This little scheme of mine was worth it. Now, then, for your shirt."

He handed a fountain pen to Gerald, who indorsed the draft he had brought, wrote out a further check for a thousand pounds, and handed them, together with his American passport, to Krosskey. The latter thrust a document into Number Twenty-nine's pocket.

"You may not know it," he said, "but you are now the owner of five hundred acres of forest where oil may some day be found."

He roared with laughter. Neither of the young men moved a muscle.

"Now, listen, both of you," he went on, "the only automobile in the town awaits me outside. We depart in a minute. Say your farewells, you two."

At one o'clock tomorrow morning," he concluded, turning to Gerald, "you will be moved into cell '101,' and later you will go to attend your own funeral. From now until one or perhaps half past one tomorrow morning, you will have to make the best of it. I will come and superintend your removal myself and let you know that all is well."

"I shall try to sleep until then," Gerald announced. "I am very tired."

"You shall have a little meal in my office in the intervals of being changed," the governor promised him. "I shall lock the door and no one will know. Now, Mr. Harman P. Cross, please, American speculator who has bought my oil fields, come with me. I am going to drive you to the train."

Number Twenty-nine held out both hands to his deliverer. There was a simple dignity in his few words.

"Sir," he said, "I know nothing of you, but my life will not be long enough for me to express my gratitude. The day after tomorrow there will be much for us to talk about," Gerald interrupted. "What I have done, I have done joyfully. So far, it has been much easier than I expected."

The governor and his charge took their leave. The door closed behind them. Gerald heard their footsteps die away on the paved floor. He threw himself down on the mattress and tried to sleep. It was an impossible task but there was plenty to think about. At one o'clock the same burly Russian entered, bearing a bowl of something which was half stew, half soup. Gerald smiled at it, and set it in a distant corner of the room. Then he walked back and forth, counting how many paces it took him from wall to wall. Presently, with a throb of joy, he remembered his cigarette case. He smoked two cigarettes. Afterward, he dozed for a little time. Toward evening, he counted himself trying to make his predecessor's daily jump. It was not until the seventh attempt that he succeeded, and then the rust of the bars cut so deeply into his palms that he let go almost at once. At eight o'clock, the Russian appeared again with a bowl of soup similar to the last. Gerald waved it away.

"Not hungry?" the man asked in German.

Gerald shook his head. Somehow or other, it was a relief to find that he was not shut out altogether from communication with the outside world.

"You speak German, eh?" he asked. The man shook his head.

"Bring me something better to eat," Gerald begged. "Can't I have some beer?"

The man held out his hand and Gerald filled it with silver. He disappeared and returned presently with two bottles of beer concealed in his baggy trousers, and a loaf of bread.

"Not understand this," he said, shaking his head. "Where Number Twenty-nine goes?"

Gerald shook his head.

"Better ask no questions until the governor comes back," he enjoined.

"No fear talk," the man declared with a laugh. "Governor given me twenty marks. If talk, I get twenty lashes instead. Goodnight!"

He departed finally, closing and locking the door behind him. Gerald ate some bread hungrily and drank the beer. Then for a time he dozed. When he woke up and looked at his watch, it was twelve o'clock. Very soon he would begin to expect the governor. He sat up on the mattress with his back to the wall. Between twelve and one o'clock he looked at his watch twenty times. One o'clock came and passed; half past one. Then he rose to his feet and began eating the cold loaf. Two o'clock came; half past two. He held his watch in his bare hand, to save himself the needless dragging it out from his pocket. The great stone apparently slept. There was no sound whatever. Only the rust of the bars cut so deeply into his palms that he let go almost at once. At eight o'clock, the Russian appeared again with a bowl of soup similar to the last. Gerald waved it away.

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studies were playing their part overture. He saw Myrtle's pale, terrified face gleaming out against the background of the cypress trees, heard her pathetic story throbbing in the pine-sweetened stillness. He remembered their drive. All those things seemed part of another world. He remembered those few furious moments when Christopher had taken her from his arms. A faint feeling of shame crept over him as he sat there, huddled up. Then, with a rush, came the memory which swept everything else out of his mind. He saw Pauline, felt the disturbance of her presence, remembered the slow shuffling away of her pride, her first few kind words, the half-spoken promise. What was there about her, he wondered vaguely, which had brought him, with all his experience, so completely to her feet? She had shown him no kindness. She had not even been gracious. He had read dislike in her eyes more often than any other feeling. There remained, then, the pitiless truth that all the favors he had won from her he had bought, indirectly if not directly. Yet there she was, ruling over his life, the one sweet, dominant figure, for whose sake he sat in these miserable clothes, a forgotten figure—perhaps, even, in danger. He took out his watch with trembling fingers. It was ten o'clock. His thoughts mocked him now. He could find no escape by means of them. He could think of nothing but the present. Something had gone wrong with their plans. What would it mean for him? Not a soul in the world knew where he was. If he had a name at all here, it was the name of the man whom the people of Russia had once threatened to tear him from his limit.

At last there came a little stir, an unaccustomed sound of voices. Presently he heard footsteps outside, the key turned in the lock. His heart turned sick with disappointment—it was the warden alone! Gerald dug his hand once more into his pocket. This time he brought out a note. For some reason or other he was terrified. Even the stolid features of his visitor seemed disturbed.

"Where is the governor?" Gerald demanded. "See, there is this note if you will go and fetch him."

The man returned to the door and shook it to be sure that it was fastened. Then he came back to Gerald.

"A strange thing has happened," he said. "There is a German woman in the town. Last night the governor spent at her house. They were both drunk. They quarreled. She killed him. The governor is dead."

Chapter VI

The telegram was brought in to Lady Mary as she sat alone in her little sitting-room, in the hours between tea and the dressing bell—hours which, so far as possible, especially during the last few months, she tried to keep to herself. It had been handed in at a branch office in the north of London and contained the news for which she had been waiting:

"Elected majority two thousand heartiest thanks for good wishes."

"CHRISTOPHER."

Her first impulse was one of genuine pleasure. She started to her feet, meaning to take it to her father, who was with Myrtle in the library. Then she stopped short and slowly resumed her seat. That little orange-colored form might have meant so much more, so much food for her ambitions, her natural and proper ambitions for the man she loved. It might have been such a pledge for the interest of their life together, such a wonderful life, brimful of movement and color in which she, too, might well hope to take a part. In her quiet way, she had for years looked upon her marriage with Christopher, sooner or later, as a certainty. Without the slightest desire in any way to mislead her, Christopher had subconsciously encouraged the idea. She knew perfectly well that, as soon as his position was a little more assured, he had intended to ask her to be his wife. It was one of those pleasant yet wonderful arrangements which seemed to develop automatically. Christopher was well born, his friends were her friends, his disposition accorded with hers, she could never have married a life man. Christopher had many a worthy ambition. She was perfectly the wife to further them. Her money and her social influence would save him years of fruitless labor. He could leave the law whenever he liked and turn his whole attention to politics. And now the dream had crumbled. This slip of paper was nothing but a friendly message, telling her of the success of a friend with whose career she had no intimate concern. Her disposition was too kindly not to feel a certain amount of pleasure at his success, but that very pleasure brought his shadow of personal grief. She sat looking into the fire, twisting the little slip of paper in her hands. She knew very well that she was cursed with that one terrible and self-mutilating virtue, the unalterable fidelity of the woman who permits in her mind the thought of one man only and who can never replace him. The very thought of marriage with any one but Christopher was repulsive. It seemed to her, as she sat there, that she was doomed to a career of loneliness and fruitfulness. She might labor in good works till her hair was streaked with gray and her face lined, and she knew very well the fruitfulness of all that she would accomplish. The best work of a woman, as she well knew, is the work done for the man she loves.

It was perhaps natural that her thoughts should turn to Myrtle. She

wondered for a moment, slowly and painfully, at the instinct which had warned her of coming trouble when the two young men had told her of their adventure. She had felt it when first she had seen the frightened child, whose unspoken appeal for protection had met with so cold a response from her. She had been conscious of a cruelty wholly foreign to her nature. In those days at Monte Carlo, whenever the name of Myrtle was mentioned, she had puzzled Christopher and her brother alike by her lack of sympathy. Well, she was punished now. The child had justified all that she had felt. She had robbed her, unconsciously and unwillingly, of the greatest thing in life. As she sat there, the telegram crumpled up in her fingers, all that old hardness came back to her. It seemed to her a bit of thing that this unknown child should have been brought into the august household in which her own serene days had been spent, to rob her, the benefactress, of the crown of her life, to draw the sunshine from her days and send her down to a joyless grave. For a moment she was on the verge of a passion. She hated Myrtle, hated the sight of her gentle movements, the thought of her and all to do with her. She rose to her feet with an unaccustomed fire in her eyes and swung round—to find that the slight noise which had disturbed her meditations had been caused by the entrance of Myrtle herself.

There are moments when revelation is self-illuminative. This was one of them. Myrtle, gazing almost in terror into the face of her benefactress, knew that she was hated, and, with an extraordinary insight, she knew why. She saw the cramped up telegraph form; she guessed at everything which had lain unspoken between them. She closed the door firmly behind her, came across to Lady Mary's chair, fell on her knees and struggled with her sobs.

"I know! I know!" she cried. "I am very miserable!"

Mary looked at her coldly and critically. All the natural impulses of her heart seemed dried up. Even her pride refused to come to her aid. The truth lay naked between the two.

"I was a fool not to realize what bringing you here meant," she said.

"It wasn't your fault," she said.

"It is too late now. Here is the telegram. Christopher is elected."

Myrtle brushed it away. It was a thing of no account.

"I care nothing for Christopher and you know it," she declared passionately. "I do not care whether he is elected or not. Nothing about him makes any difference to me, or ever will."

Myrtle was speaking the truth. To Mary it seemed amazing, but she knew that it was the truth.

"It is only a fancy which Christopher has for me," Myrtle went on. "It will pass—oh, I am sure that it will pass! Deep down in his heart I know that there is another feeling."

Her anguish was apparent. There was something almost unearthly in the sorrow which shone out of her eyes. Mary's heart began to fail her. Her fingers rested on the top of the other girl's head. A gleam of coming kindness shone momentarily in her eyes.

"It wasn't your fault," she said.

"It is my fault that I am alive," Myrtle declared. "But listen, please. I have my plan. I am going away."

"What good would that do?" Mary asked curiously.

"It would do great good," Myrtle declared. "I shall remove myself altogether. Christopher's family will know. And besides—I must go."

"My father would never spare you," Mary said, ashamed of the joy with which the thought filled her.

"I have thought of everything," Myrtle insisted. "Lord Dombey has been very kind to me, but he will forget. If he chooses to see me sometimes, it will be possible. Let me tell you, please. I have a plan. Only yesterday I heard from the cure. He is back again in the valley. He is at the church there now. He says, if I need ever to go back, I can teach at the school. All my people have gone away many, many miles. My stepfather has a larger farm. I shall go back. I should never have come away."

"Mary looked at her curiously. All the suffering in the world seemed to be quivering in Myrtle's sensitive face. She leaned a little forward towards the kneeling girl.

"Myrtle," she whispered, "there is pain in your heart, too."

To be continued

THINGS UNUSUAL

By T. T. MAXEY

(C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

LASSEN VOLCANIC NATIONAL PARK

Mount Lassen, which geologists are pleased to term "a dying volcano," is located in the southeastern part of Shasta county in northern California. Lassen, standing between the ends of two mountain ranges, holds far and wide for the beauty of their scenery—the Sierra Nevada and the Cascades—rise to a height of 10,000 feet, and has the distinction of being the only volcano located within the confines of our United States that may be regarded as being at all active.

Although there were outward indications of the fact that tremendous internal heat continued to prevail, with the exception of the escape of some smoke or steam at somewhat irregular as well as infrequent periods, no serious eruption had occurred for so long (about two centuries) that the present generation of the world at large has practically forgotten that there was such a peak as Lassen, let alone the fact that it had volcanic tendencies. Consequently, in 1915, when Mount Lassen, with surprising suddenness, broke out in a series of violent explosions and eruptions which attracted the attention of the nations of the world to its doing, there was a rush for histories and geographies to post up on this mountain.

Although students of volcanic action contend that recent eruptions were feeble in violence as compared with those of long ago, nearly residents declare that these latest ones were terrifying to the nth degree. Tremendous, broad-spreading columns of dense smoke were forcibly expelled from the crater; small stones were thrown a mile or more, many boulders not so far, and all low down rolled down on the surrounding country over a radius of two miles. A blast of heated gas escaped, swept down a creek valley, melted the snow and created a torrent.

The only possible sight of the kind in the United States, following out its policy of preserving the most distinguished of our scenic possibilities. "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People," congress, in 1916, created the peak and the volcanic and lava fields, lakes, springs, and canyons which surround it, in all 124 square miles, as a national park.

Bible Thoughts for the Week

Sunday.

THEY WILL NOT MINE—Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God. Thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.—Ps. 119:14.

Monday.

BE VERY COURAGEOUS—Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to the law, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.—Josh. 1:7.

Tuesday.

A LAMP AND A LIGHT—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.—Ps. 119:105.

Wednesday.

HUMILITY OF CHRIST—Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.—Phil. 2:5, 6.

Thursday.

THE BANNER—Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.—Jam. 4:17.

Friday.

EVERY DAY—This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Ps. 118:24.

Saturday.

STRENGTH AND SONG—The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.—Ezek. 38:14.

THE CHEERFUL CHIEF

Sometimes I wish I had
A farm
With trees and fields
and grazing flocks
Then I pretend I'm
very small
And living in
our window
box
N.T.C.

The Telegram of Worcester, Mass., suggests that railroads, in order to eliminate accidents at crossings, put up signs at all grade crossings instructing their engineers to stop, look and listen. The Telegram offers that "presumably under such circumstances the hurrying motorist would be willing to blow his horn."

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